



John Tate, now living as Joshua Hart, now lived in Norfolk, Virginia. He kept to himself. He didn't date very often. He worked inconspicuously as a accountant for a company that focused mostly on people's yearly tax returns. His life was boring and uncomplicated, and he intended that it stayed that way.

It hadn't taken John long to realize that he'd need to be able to move, and quickly. There was always the possibility his uncle would find him. He'd learned the hard way that friends and family weren't just liabilities, their connection to him could be deadly. When he'd first encountered his uncle in high school, he'd never thought the man would find them. He'd spent years trying to convince his traumatized mother as such.

It had been the worst mistake he'd ever made in his life.

It had ended with the slaughter of his friends and some of the employees of the school. His mother, knowing how hard it was to kill her brother, commandeered an ambulance carrying his body at gunpoint. She'd sent Michael through the front window, hit him with the ambulance, and finally decapitated him. It was only afterwards that she discovered her brother had switched places with an ambulance worker, and she'd killed an innocent man. The worker hadn't been able to tell her who her was, as Michael had crushed his larynx and left him unconscious. His mother had been sentenced to a psychiatric facility. Knowing Michael would come for her, she'd set an elaborate trap, which failed. Michael had killed Laurie Strode, after over two decades of trying.

His mother had already placed him in deep hiding, which he'd lived in all of his life, if the truth were spoken. She destroyed everything she had regarding him, except a picture she'd kept in her cell. She refused any and all contact with him, in order to protect him. He'd learned his mother had died from a newspaper, reporting that the survivor of the "Halloween" murders was really and truly dead.

That had destroyed a part of him. He'd wanted to break her out of there, take her with him. She knew that the two of them together made it easier for Michael to find them. So she'd stayed. She was a sitting duck for her brother in that hospital. She sacrificed her life to save his.

So John spent his days hiding. He knew the loneliness could only be surpassed by the pain and the guilt he'd feel if he caused anyone else to be a victim of his uncle's again.

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Jamie's words had affected her uncle, that she could see. But it couldn't stop the compulsion. It didn't take long before it overwhelmed Michael, and he tried to attack her again. Jamie had anticipated this. "\_Canfod y tu hwnt i. Agor 'ch chreuau. 'r farcia all mo llywodraetha 'ch. Bigyn gwas bod rhyddha\_!"

Michael jerked, then stepped back a few steps. The knife fell from his hand and he fell to the floor. He looked around himself, disorientated, then started to rock himself, as if trying to find

comfort. "Michael?" Jamie tried softly. Michael's head jerked towards her, as if he wasn't aware he was there. His eyes were no longer dark and cold, but bright and bewildered beyond the mask. Jamie could see tears in them. \_He's afraid, \_she thought ironically. Jamie crawled softly across the floor to him, trying not to frighten him. \_I'm trying not to frighten an invulnerable serial killer who's about 6-and-a-half feet tall.\_ When she reached him, Jamie reached out and tried to pull off his mask. Michael jerked away and pulled the mask back down around his face. Jamie had shared a telepathic communication with her uncle, which had terrorized her for years. Yet through it, she realized he thought he was ugly. "Michael," Jamie said softly. "It's okay. I'm going to help you."

Michael's mind couldn't take what was going on. He could remember hurting people. Many people. But he didn't know why. Everything seemed so foggy and unclear. Jamie knew what was happening. She had used the same magic that was used to create the evil that had fueled Michael for so long. When she'd failed to die after the multiple attacks, she set out to learn why. Now, she knew how Michael's unquenchable thirst for killing came from, and she could stop it. For how long, she didn't know. What Jamie did know was that the same people that had done this to Michael were determined to do it again. She couldn't worry about Michael coming for her when she went after them. Jamie had no clue if she could manage to keep him under control, but one way or another, she had to break the curse of Michael Myers. Before it was passed on to someone else. Jamie was deathly afraid that person could be her.

## 2. Chapter 2

\_\*\*AN: \*\*\_In this story, Jamie's baby is the product of a rape by Dr. Wynn. I just couldn't see her working with her uncle, especially since in the producer's cut, she's raped by him. Other versions state that Jamie was artificially inseminated with Michael's sperm. I don't even want to go into that. So I'm taking liberties.\_

\_This is it. This is it. This is it. \_The words kept repeating in Jamie's mind. When she failed to die all those years ago, Jamie had started trying to get to the bottom of whatever caused Michael's rage. The mysterious Dr. Wynn, whose rape resulted in her son, now called Stephen, was the leader of a cult who believed that there had to be a child who killed his whole family in order to maintain peace in the world. Michael was branded by their mark, the rune Thorn. He wasn't the only one bearing the mark. When the group created the curse, they had no idea that it would continue through the family. They had cursed another child, Danny, who lived in the Strode house. They wouldn't have needed to bother if they'd realized at the time that Jamie bore the mark as well. It was the way she was able to communicate with her uncle via telepathy. It was the way she knew that the cult of Thorn were about to bring the curse to fruition again, this time, through Danny.

Jamie knew that she had to stop that before it happened. The curse kept her invulnerable to harm, a sort of supernatural protection of a potential chosen one. Only one person, however, could be afflicted by the rage and madness, the evil. Michael was the one who had to bear that now. For the moment, Jamie's spell broke the control it had over him. She knew it was still there, and that it could overpower him. She knew that he would stay with her, trying to kill her in every and

any way imaginable, if that happened. She shuddered. Michael, under the control of the curse, would not stop until she was dead. Since he couldn't kill her, the horror of what could happen wasn't lost on her.

Michael could, however, lead her to the rest of Myers. She had to find them, and make sure she was the only one. Jamie sat there with Michael, speaking softly to him, coaxing him. In a way, she was facing the six-year-old Michael, a little boy with thoughts he couldn't explain. She knew those thoughts. She had once stabbed her stepmother, caused by a combination of being in Michael's mind and her connection to the curse. She was looking at a man, whose last clear memory was of being a child. The rest were broken, unexplainable fragments of violence and anger. "Michael," Jamie said, "You need to listen to me. You know who I am. You know what you've done. You don't know why, but I'm going to explain that to you." Michael stared at her through the mask, bewildered. "Michael, I need your help. You have to help me stop this. I know it's hard, but I need you to be strong for me." Sitting with him on the floor, Jamie began to tell the man the story behind his memories.

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It was a long while before Jamie began to get through to Michael. There wasn't much by way of rationality in his mind. However, she had shown herself to be a figure Michael could follow. Michael didn't know much beyond following. When Jamie told him he needed to help her find the others, he obeyed. Michael's curse, ironically, was based in obedience. He obeyed the commands to kill. He'd first given in when he killed his older sister. It was years before it finally took control of him completely, and at 21, Michael had embarked on his quest to kill his family. The curse had started with that first kill. Dr. Loomis, by asserting control, had helped him to keep it at bay for 15 years. It was ironic that Dr. Loomis was so horrified by the boy, yet he was the one who had kept him from killing for so long. But there was only so much a man could do, and when it became too powerful, Michael just gave in.

It was how, days later, the two of them found themselves in Virginia. Michael had led her here; he'd known where John Tate was when he'd found Jamie. John had been next on the list. Jamie had stayed with Michael at every moment. If her spell broke, she had to be there to stop him before people died. And people would begin dying immediately. Now, they stood in front of a door to a tiny apartment. Jamie made Michael stand out of the way, took a deep breath, and knocked.

The young man who opened the door shocked her at first. She knew this was her brother, she'd discovered she'd had one in her research. A part of her was angry at first when she found out; her mother raised him, but had abandoned her and never looked for her again. She now realized that her mother was trying to protect her. Laurie Strode had never had any clue that Michael had found her baby girl. She'd given her up to keep her safe, and had presumed all these years that she was. When Dr. Loomis died, she lost any means of finding out, as she'd never even known where Jamie was sent. Dr. Loomis kept his contact with Laurie to an extreme minimum, and had never had the

chance to tell her. Jamie had discovered Laurie had done the same with John after Michael found them. Her mother spent her last years in guilt, ironically thinking that she should have given her son up so that he'd have the life she thought Jamie had.

John Tate was surprised to find someone at his door. He kept so much to himself, that the only people who ever came around were Jehovah's Witnesses. This girl didn't look like she was here to preach the word of God. His suspicions were concerned when the girl looked him in the eye and asked, "John Tate?" John's heart felt like it had stopped. He stepped towards her and hissed, "How the hell do you know..." John cut off his own question when he spotted a large figure out of the corner of his eye. Turning his head, he felt like someone had struck him in the gut. Like a nightmare, John stared into the mask of Michael Myers.

"JESUS CHRIST!" John managed to yell. His shock was so great, he collapsed to the floor, but quickly regained his composure. He scurried across the floor into his apartment before he managed to get back on his feet. Terror and adrenaline raced through him. "Wait!" he heard the girl cry, but John wasn't listening. He made it into his bedroom and pulled the gun he kept by his bed, fully loaded, out of the side table. It wouldn't kill him, but it might slow him down enough so that he could get away. When he made it back into the living room, he saw the girl and Michael had entered and closed the door. He pointed the gun at Michael, who surprisingly jumped. The girl jumped in front of Michael, and John hesitated. Michael wasn't coming after him. He had someone with him, which is something his homicidal uncle would never have done. "Is this some kind of sick prank?" John asked angrily. He lowered the weapon slightly, confused. "No," the girl replied. Taking her companion's hand, she led him to the sofa, where he sat. She then sat down beside him. She motioned for John to do the same. At this point, John knew this couldn't be his uncle. Some of his fear abated, but he wasn't sitting down all the same. "Who the fuck do you think you are? You think it's funny to dress someone up like this and bring him here? What kind of sick fuck are you?" John asked, his voice growing louder. The man in the mask seemed frightened, and the girl placed a hand on his back comfortingly. It would have been funny if it wasn't so twisted. "Who are you two?" John asked. They knew who he was, and he wanted to know how. "This is Michael Myers, believe me," the girl said. John raised his gun at the two again. The girl sighed. "He's not going to hurt you. He hasn't hurt me, and I've been with him for weeks," she said. "I need your help. If you'll let me explain things, I'll tell you what's going on and how we're here."

John smirked angrily. "That's not Michael Myers. If that was Michael Myers, he'd already have tried to kill me. Like he killed my friends, my family, and my MOTHER!" John yelled. "It's Michael whether you want to believe it or not. If you'll calm down, we can get somewhere," the girl said. "Really?" John asked sarcastically. "And who the hell are you that "Michael Myers" here hasn't carved you up yet?"

"My name is Jamie Lloyd. Michael is my uncle, which also makes me your older sister."

When Jamie finished her story, John was in shock. He didn't know if he believed her, but on the other hand, she knew too much. She knew who he was, and that told him something. It was hard to relate the stiff man in the mask to the violent monster he remembered. A part of him wanted to shoot him, but he knew it was useless. "How the hell am I supposed to believe that you managed to stop him from being a killer?" he asked.

"I didn't stop him," Jamie replied. "The curse is too powerful. I don't know how to stop it. I did discover that the same magic that created it can be used to control it, at least to an extent.

"We need you, plain and simple. Michael's not going to be a threat much longer. Right now, the Thorn is working on a new person to carry the curse. We don't have much time. If the curse is passed on, then Michael won't be a problem anymore. They'll kill him. He won't have any value left when there's a new chosen one."

"And this is a bad thing?" John asked wryly.

"For the family who is about to suffer, yes! Let's face it.. the Myers family has few people left. They need to keep the killing going. Michael can take the rest of us out, but then he'll have nothing left to do. So they'll move on to the next family, the next boy," Jamie answered heatedly.

"So what exactly do we need to do?" John asked.

"We have to find the boy. The catalyst is the first kill. That first kill has to be on the date the curse is activated, so to speak. The cursed one will show odd behavior even years before the curse fully comes into play. You're born with it, and it messes with your head. That's how they make it so easy for the curse to fully possess you when the day they choose comes. I know who the one is that they're planning to use. We have to get him away from his family before it begins. I think that if we can do that, destroy the ritual, we might be able to break the curse," Jamie said.

John was torn. He sure as hell didn't want to be within a few thousand miles of this guy. But he knew that he couldn't just sit back and allow this to happen. Jamie explained that they needed all the help they could get. Finally, John responded. "I'll do it," he said huskily.

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Together, the three of them set out to find the chosen one, Danny. Danny was now much older than Michael had been at the first kill, but the cult had focused on the timing instead of the age. Jamie knew there was a chance that it could be her. The odds were minute, as the cult had no clue of her affliction. However, she didn't know if the curse being activated could affect her instead of Danny or with Danny. Either way, it wasn't a chance Jamie was taking. Jamie knew that the thorn kept a close eye on their promised one. So now, here the three of them were, the majority of the remaining Myers, heading back to Haddonfield.

A part of Jamie was looking forward to the trip. She knew that they were going to face something possibly worse than they'd ever seen there, but she'd left something there. Her son, Steven. Jamie had left him as her mother had done her; it was the reason she understood what Laurie had done. Tommy Doyle loved Steven like his own. Jamie wouldn't have left him, but after the night Michael failed to kill her, she knew she had to. If she was anything like Michael, then there was the possibility that she could hurt her son. She wouldn't take that chance. Once, she had chalked up the time she stabbed her foster mother to being connected to Michael's mind. She had honestly thought Michael had worked through her, and that he'd only been able to do that because they'd shared something during that time. When she survived, she knew it there was more to it. She'd never tell Steven who she was, but she'd be able to see he was safe.

John was agitated with Michael in the backseat. They'd had no other option but to drive the distance. John didn't trust that Michael wouldn't suddenly go homicidal on them again. However, he was a young man with no life, and no chance at a life. If he could help break the curse, then he'd be free as well. Free to stay in one place, to have friends, maybe even a family.

#### 4. Chapter 4

Entering Haddonfield was a surreal experience for Jamie. This was a place she'd never thought she'd see again. A place she didn't particularly want to see again. There were too many memories here; all of them hurt. Some were merely bittersweet, flashes of a childhood ended too early. The most vivid ones were downright terrifying. The memories of the man sitting behind her.

John, sitting beside her, couldn't stop staring at the homes they passed. He wondered which one was the one his mother had grown up. He wondered where Michael had committed his first murder. Although he had never been here, and his mother had rarely spoken of it, it stung. He'd lost his mother well before she'd died. When he found out she was gone, something inside of him had died with her. She was his only family, the only one who knew. Laurie Strode had cut her son off completely for his own sake, but at least he knew she was out there. When she was killed, he knew he was truly alone in the world. Forever.

Now, he sat in a car with two of his family members. A sister he'd never known, and the uncle who'd tried so hard to kill him. Who had finally succeeded in killing his mother, after trying for over two decades. John knew that Michael couldn't be killed. That at any moment, Michael could turn, especially if triggered. It didn't stop him from constantly fantasizing about shooting the son of a bitch in the head.

Jamie, however, knew what was in Michael's mind. She kept a close link with him, afraid that the return may snap him out of the spell. A spell was one thing; a curse was another. In Michael's mind, she sensed something that could only be akin to wonder. In the backseat, Michael stared out the windows, looking fascinated by his surroundings.

Michael was fascinated. For the past twenty years, he'd seen everything through a haze of rage and uncontrollable violence. In

truth, the curse had done more than make him a homicidal killer, it had distorted his view of the world. Under the curse, there was nothing but the goal. It was all he could focus on them. Now, seeing this place without that burden, he saw everything in a different light. He recognized many of the places, places he had roamed as a child. Other memories, frightening and confusing, were there too. He saw a two-story house with green shutters. It was at this house that he once found a kitten. He'd named it Charlie, and taken it home with him.

Michael loved Charlie the instant he saw him. He probably belonged to someone, but he didn't care. The kitten had come up to him and rubbed against his legs. Michael decided the kitten would be his friend, his only friend in a confusing world. He'd snuck it into his home under his coat. Nobody noticed.

Michael remember later that day, as well. He had gone to the kitchen and gotten a paring knife his mother used to peel with. It was the sharpest blade of all the knives. He'd taken the knife up to his room, where Charlie lay at the foot of his bed, lazily licking a paw. Michael had picked Charlie up gently, holding him gently while he sat down on the floor. He pet the kitten on the head, running his hand down his back. Charlie had rubbed up against his hand and purred. He'd sounded like he'd had a little motor in him or something, like a car. Michael's hand had rubbed down his head again, and then he grasped Charlie by the scruff of his neck. When he pulled Charlie up to his hind legs, the kitten had mewed pitifully. Charlie looked up into Michael's eyes, and mewed again. With the small knife still clutched in his hand, Michael quickly slashed it across the kitten's throat. Blood had splattered across the floor, and then poured from the kitten. Charlie never made another sound. Michael had sat there for hours, quietly skinning and dismembering the kitten.

When he was done, the kitten sat in piles along the floor. Michael was upset. He wasn't upset at what he'd done; rather, he was upset because his friend was gone. Michael's mind didn't quite rationalize that the two things went together, or that he'd done anything wrong. Michael had put Charlie's remains in a shoebox, then cleaned up the floor as best he could. He carried the shoebox through the house, dropping the knife in the sink on his way out the back door. He'd buried Charlie in the backyard. The kitten wasn't the only animal Michael'd killed, but he was the only one that Michael had buried.

So Michael felt a twinge of emotion when passing the house. It was a feeling of longing, of missing someone, but not of guilt. Michael couldn't feel guilt. Michael had never once been able to feel guilt. Jamie's control of him may tamper the curse, but it was her own conscience that kept Michael from doing something else.

"Michael, duck down," Jamie said. Michael listened and lay flat in the backseat. Jamie drew to a stop and slouched, staring out John's window. John did the same, although he wasn't sure why. John looked to where Jamie was looking. Across the street there was a little boy with dark hair playing in the yard. He was kicking it around like one would a soccer ball. The boy was oblivious to anything but his game. John looked back to Jamie, and was shocked to see tears streaming down her face. He didn't say anything. Jamie's head lifted up farther and farther, as if she was trying to get every little part of the image printed on her mind. Suddenly, the door opened and a





Jamie stayed close to Michael as he explored his childhood home. She wasn't taking any chances with his being here. Michael seemed interested in every corner of the house. There wasn't an inch he didn't examine. The home was still furnished, but everything was covered with dirt and grime. There appeared to have been a struggle in some rooms. Michael explored the master bedroom with great interest, but it was his older sister's bedroom where he stood in the doorway and stared. It took a full five minutes before Michael entered and started investigating. The last room he went into was his own bedroom.

The room was still decorated for a boy. Jamie had no idea if that was how it looked when Michael was a boy. He spent the most time in this room, seemingly fascinated by the most mundane things... the closet, a spot on the carpet. It was in that closet that Michael reached into the back. Jamie heard the scraping of wood, and then Michael reappeared, holding a clown mask. Apparently, it had been in some hiding space of his. Jamie was shocked as Michael reached up and pulled off the white mask. He didn't keep it off for very long, but Jamie was able to see his face clearly.

Despite the many attempts to kill him, Michael didn't bear a single mark. She didn't know why she was surprised; she herself bore no scars. Michael's face showed some signs of aging, although not nearly as much as most people his age. Physically, he appeared in his thirties, with only crow's feet and lines in his forehead. Jamie was most struck by his resemblance to her mother. Michael's hair was the same light brown, the eyes the same blue. The resemblance was uncanny.

As Michael pulled the clown mask over his face, Jamie knelt down to him. "Michael, you don't need to wear a mask," she said, trying to pull it off. Michael's hands grasped hers over his mask. An odd keening sound came from his throat. Shocked, Jamie realized he was trying to talk. "Ugg.. ugg..." Michael tried unsuccessfully. "Michael, do you think you're ugly?" Jamie asked. Michael didn't try to speak anymore; he only nodded. Jamie didn't know what to say. Removing her hands from his mask, she said, "Michael, you can wear the mask if you want to. But you don't need it. You're not ugly. You're not ugly at all."

Michael looked up at her through the undersized eyeholes of the mask. Jamie could see they were teary. He rocked himself back and forth, until Jamie reached her arms around him and hugged him. Michael froze. Jamie did the same, concerned she'd set him off. Instead, Michael reached up, pulled off the mask, and handed it to her. His eyes wouldn't meet hers. Jamie smiled, and taking the mask, said, "Thank you, Michael." Michael smiled softly.

It wasn't much later when they returned to the front entryway, where John had refused to move from. John was shocked to see someone looking so much like his mother walking towards him. It took a moment to realize it was Micheal. He didn't say a word. He couldn't have if he'd tried.

The three of them made camp in the living room floor, taking anything they needed from the rooms. When they were done, Jamie began telling them her plan.

"The Thorn is going to have Danny in the same place that they had me. There's no way they wouldn't. I don't know how, but I have the feeling that they're going to do something, and soon. As soon as Danny kills, the curse will take him. There's no other way about it. Michael will no longer be directly influenced by the curse at that point, he'll be like me. Unfortunately, that means we'll have a new Halloween killer on our hands with a much larger family to choose from.

We're going in tomorrow night. I'm too worried not to. A part of me wants to go in now. We're going to wait, and rest, because I don't know what it'll be like there now. Either way, we have to get Danny away from his family. The curse can only be triggered by killing a family member. They'll do anything to make sure he does."

John was confused. "Why now? Isn't he a grown man? Why not earlier?" he asked.

"Think about it. The Thorn doesn't know about you. Our mother made sure of that. They believe I'm dead. Your mother only died recently," Jamie replied. "They think Michael's done, and he's resting. Once the entire family is killed, the cursed one sleeps. Not alive, not dead. Just sleeping. The Thorn thinks that it's time to call another, while really it'll be an extra."

John's eyes widened. This was bad. It would essentially be like having two Michael Myers. Especially when the spell wore off. John couldn't imagine another family going through this. His thoughts were interrupted by the front door pushing open.

John and Jamie jumped; Michael turned his head slowly to look at the door. Jamie whispered, "Tommy."

The man standing there nodded. "Yeah. You want to tell me what you're doing in town? Why you ran when I called to you? Or better yet, why don't you tell me how the hell you were impaled and then shot in the head, and you lived?"

## 6. Chapter 6

Jamie swallowed visibly. "Tommy, I can't tell you." Tommy's face hardened. "I'm raising your son as my own. It killed me that I couldn't save you. Do you know how I've hated myself that Stephen doesn't have his mother, and that it's my fault? You never even let us know you're alive, and then you slink through town like a coward."

Jamie jumped to her feet, angry. "The only reason I'm here is to protect my son! To save him from our family! No, I didn't tell you I was alive. Any contact with me put his life in danger. I was willing to die to save him. I am willing to abandon him to save him. Yes, I hated my mother for that, until I realized that she loved me enough to give me up. She gave me up thinking I'd be safe! For a long time, I was! So I'm not going to let you come in here and say shit like that, when it kills me everyday that I can't be with him!"

Tommy drew back. Fool that he was, he'd never considered that. He hadn't considered much after seeing Jamie, only driving through town

trying to find the car again. Stephen slept at home with a neighbor watching him. Jamie sighed. "Okay. I guess I should let you know what's going on." Yet again, Jamie relayed the story of the curse and its continuance.

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Tommy was shocked by Jamie's story. Almost as much as the fact that he was sitting next to a killer. Michael looked like a normal man. It was probably the most terrifying that Tommy had ever seen the guy. If a guy comes at you wearing a freaky mask, okay, that's simple, run like hell. This guy could be on top of you before you realized something was amiss.

"How is he?" Jamie asked quietly. There was a wealth of pain in her eyes. Tommy reached into his wallet and pulled out a small stack of photos. Obviously, he was a devoted adoptive father. Jamie looked through them, beginning to cry as she watched her son grow through the pictures. "He loves to play baseball and soccer. He reads like someone twice his age. He loves school, has plenty of friends, and he asks questions about you all the time," Tommy said. "Your picture is on his nightstand."

Jamie started to shake. She didn't think she had any tears left, but her heart broke at the knowledge that she didn't know any of it. For a fleeting moment, she wished she'd never even pulled in front of that house. Tommy wouldn't have come to find her if she hadn't. And Jamie wouldn't have to know how much she'd really had to give up.

Michael's behavior was downright peculiar. Still not speaking, he got up and sat on Jamie's other side. He lay his head down on his shoulder like a child, which was funny considering he was at least a foot taller than Jamie. Jamie wrapped an arm around Michael and held him tightly to her. Collecting the photos in a pile, she handed them back to Tommy. Tommy held his hand up, saying, "You keep them. There are probably thousands of them at home." This brought a strained laugh from Jamie. At the very least, she knew her little boy was loved. Stephen was loved. He had a family. He had security. Which was more than Jamie could have provided.

"When are you going?" Tommy asked her. "Tomorrow," Jamie answered. "Speed is kind of "of the essence," considering the circumstances. I don't even know if that will be too late." Tommy raised an eyebrow. "I guess quasi-evil cults don't do so well with scheduling when it comes to evoking a psychotic maniac curse, huh?"

This earned a snicker from John, who'd been sitting back, watching quietly. This may be his family, possibly all that he had left of them, but he still didn't know them. He didn't know how to comfort his sister or even if he should.

Tommy said to Jamie, "You know, he wants to meet you. It would be hard, explaining that you're not dead and everything, but he thinks about you all the time."

Jamie stiffened. God, she wanted to see him. So much it hurt. She

wanted to wrap her arms around him and never let go. But what would that do to him? His dead mother returning from the grave? What if she didn't make it? What if she led Thorn to him? What if the spell broke, and Michael came after him? What if he lost his mother not once, but \_twice...\_

"Jamie," Tommy said. "I know what you're thinking. But Stephen doesn't have a mother. He may get hurt, yes, but I don't ever want him to find out that he had the chance to meet you and never did. You need to come. You know this." He was right. Either way, the situation wasn't ideal. Both prospects had the potential to be bad for him. However, for once, Jamie wanted to be selfish. She just wanted to see him, to see for herself he was really alright. Every day, she had wondered what he looked like, what his voice sounded like, what his favorite foods were. There was a strong possibility that she wouldn't make it. There was a good chance she'd end up like Michael. The happily-ever-after potential was slim to none. She wanted something for herself before she died. Or worse. She told herself she deserved this. Jamie looked at Tommy and nodded.

Tommy smiled. "Come by tomorrow, late morning. That'll give you two plenty of time together, and me some time to try to explain things to him." He hugged Jamie, his earlier anger forgotten or forgiven. Rising, he headed for the door.

"Tommy!" Jamie called. "Yeah?" Tommy asked. Jamie said to him, "Tell him... tell him that I love him," she begged.

Tommy smiled. "I've told him you love him since the day I found him."

## 7. Chapter 7

The following day, Jamie stood at Tommy's door. She'd been standing and staring at it for ten minutes. She couldn't get the nerve up to knock.

John stayed at the house with Michael. It had taken an unbelievable amount of convincing to get him to stay with Michael. Jamie wasn't altogether thrilled with the prospect, but she'd taught and wrote down the spell for John, and practiced it with him as well. She wasn't going to let Michael see what Stephen looked like, just in case. She didn't want Stephen to be a target. Technically, by nature of being Laurie's grandson, he was a target. At least this way he'd be a blind one.

Jamie nearly jumped out of her skin when the door suddenly swung open in front of her. Tommy stood there, a grin on his face. "I saw the car pull up. I gave you plenty of time to knock. I figured by this point you obviously needed a hand. Jamie offered a nervous grin in gratitude. "Come in," Tommy said. "Stephen's upstairs playing. I told him everything, and how you weren't able to get back to him after the accident because you've been hurt. I also told him that the accident was very severe, which means that you might not be totally better yet. As I said, you wanted to see him, no matter what, so you came even though you might still be sick." Tommy emphasized his words carefully, letting Jamie know the story he'd told Stephen to try to help him understand how his mother was here, and why she might not be able to stay. Tommy told him that he hadn't even know that his mother

was still alive.

Jamie hugged Tommy in gratitude. She never could have thought of a way to explain to Stephen why she wasn't with him without terrorizing him for life. Telling a little boy that Mommy can't be with you because she doesn't want her killer uncle to find you and she was probably not the best way to go. Jamie couldn't think of another reason, because only the very real potential of Stephen being killed could make her give him up.

Footsteps clattered down the stairs. They were rather loud for such a small boy. Tommy yelled, "Stephen! What did I tell you about running down the stairs?" The footsteps slowed and became much lighter. Tommy laughed quietly and put an arm around Jamie to support her. Stephen rounded the corner and froze. He knew his mother; she looked just like the picture he had of her. Squeezing Jamie's shoulder lightly, he said, "Stephen, this is someone I wanted you to meet. This is your mommy."

Stephen remained still and wary for another few moments, inspecting Jamie intently. To Jamie, it was like an eternity. Suddenly, Stephen's face broke out into a huge smile that lit up his features. Moving quickly towards her, he held out his arms expectantly. Tears formed in Jamie's eyes, and she dropped to her knees. Mother and son embraced each other tightly for the first time in years. "I missed you, Mommy," Stephen said in a sweet pitch. At the sound of his voice, Jamie wept openly.

"I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I missed you too, baby. God, I missed you so much!" Jamie cried. Stephen pulled away and looked at her. "Why are you crying?" he asked. "Sometimes, people cry when they're happy. I was afraid you would be mad at me for not being with you all this time," Jamie answered honestly. To a child's mind, that anger made no sense, especially when combined with Tommy's explanation. "It's okay, Mommy. Daddy said you were sick and you couldn't help it, but that you wanted to be here," he replied. Tommy knelt down to the pair. "Come on, buddy. You wanted to show Mommy a whole bunch of stuff, didn't you? You going to show her your room?" he asked.

Stephen smiled and grabbed his mother's hand, propelling her through the house and up the stairs. He talked the whole way. Stephen was an incredible chatterbox. He didn't seem possessed of the ability to be silent. Tommy followed the pair, smiling as Stephen showed Jamie everything he could think of.

The day was bittersweet, to say the least. Tommy was pained to think of what she had gone through, to protect the boy he thought of as his own. Tommy couldn't imagine ever having to give him up, and Jamie had felt like she'd had no other choice. A part of him was angry that the beautiful young woman had lost so much because of the foolish notions of some idiots who'd decided to play God.

Morning turned to afternoon, and afternoon to dusk. Before Jamie knew it, it was evening. The day had passed too fast. If ever she wanted to stop time, to stay here in this moment forever, it was now. Stephen was so smart, so clever for his age. He had her smile, her laugh. He'd picked up many of Tommy's habits, like when he prepared to swing at a baseball. His eyes narrowed in concentration, and his tongue would stick out of the corner of his mouth just so slightly.

Tommy ordered pizza for dinner, and Jamie laughed to see the pair fold their slices and turn them to the side to eat.

Jamie was able to help put Stephen down to sleep, which he didn't make easy that night. The little boy knew that when he woke up, his Mommy would be gone again. He was afraid he'd wake up to find this had all been a dream. Finally, the events of the day wore on him and he drifted off to sleep. Jamie kissed her son goodnight, kissed him goodbye, and left the room, Tommy with her. She made it down the stairs before breaking into tears. Tommy held her closely to him while she let them out, then shocked her by lifting her chin to look at him. Without a word, Tommy kissed her. Deeply. Jamie threw herself into the kiss, having denied herself any companionship for so long. They wouldn't have stopped if the door hadn't knocked on. Reluctantly, Tommy broke the kiss and opened the door, revealing an older woman. "Hello, Mrs. Hansen," Tommy said. "Stephen's already in bed. Thank you so much for spending the night with him." Jamie looked at him confused, until he said, "I'm coming with you tonight."

Jamie started to object. If something happened to both of them, Stephen would be alone! But Tommy wasn't having any of it. He was going, and he wouldn't be talked out of it. Mrs Hansen suddenly interceded. "Dear, I'm sure everything will be alright. But really, men get worried when their lady goes to the hospital. Just let him go with you to ease his mind," she said helpfully. Jamie looked at Tommy with an arched brow. He grinned. It had been a brilliant story, one that Jamie couldn't object to without revealing the true situation. Sighing, she let Tommy lead her outside, and they headed back to the Myers house.

## 8. Chapter 8

At the Myers house, inactivity had been the word of the day. John had spent the day in a state of paranoia, unable to do anything but watch Michael, looking for any sign that he was about to go crazy psycho killer. John wasn't normally a high-strung sort of guy. However, this was that sort of situation. Needless to say, when Jamie and Tommy entered, he'd nearly climbed up the wall.

"Are you two ready?" she asked. John nodded. Michael just looked at her, but she nodded at him in return. "What's he doing here?" John asked, referring to Tommy. "He's coming with us," she answered. The four made their way to the vehicle. This time, John ended up in the backseat with Michael. "Great," he muttered. "First stabbed." Jamie knew where the Thorn now had Danny and his family residing. Pulling up to the small home, she and the men walked to the door and knocked.

Michael seemed ill at ease, and Jamie had to admit, something wasn't sitting well with her either. Danny lived here with his mother and sister. When Danny opened the door, now a teenager, she knew exactly what the feeling was. \_The voices...\_

Michael reared back, stumbling down the steps. Danny looked shocked and slightly scared. Michael was covering his face with his hands, emitting noises of distress. They were like soft screams of terror. Danny was obviously stressed, and it appeared as though it was a common. Jamie knew she had to act quickly, or Michael would lose it. The Thorn had put Danny here for a reason. They were bombarding the

young man with their dark magic, waiting until he gave in.

"Damn it! Grab him, and put him in the car!" Tommy and John, concerned by the change in Michael and Jamie, did as she ordered. Danny struggled, but the young man wasn't a match for the pair of them. Danny was shoved into the backseat between them, Jamie and Michael in the front. Jamie immediately started chanting something that Tommy couldn't understand. Slowly, Michael calmed down, and rocked himself in the seat.

"What the \_fuck\_ is going on here?" Danny yelled. Jamie turned to him and made introductions. He wasn't to thrilled to hear that the unstable man in front of him was the Halloween killer. Jamie, though, he vaguely remembered from childhood. That surprised him. He had trouble remembering things. His doctors said it had to do with the schizophrenia. He'd been in therapy since he was little, doctors trying to figure out why he had such horrible nightmares, why he heard voices. They were worse at home. It didn't matter what home. His mother had moved their family when he was little after Michael Myers tore through town again we he was a child. When she found out they were living in the killer's childhood home, she thought that this was the cause of Danny's problems. She'd been wrong.

So this situation made it hard for Danny to think. A part of him was afraid he'd finally snapped and was hallucinating the whole thing. However, Jamie turned to him and said, "What the hell was going on in that house?" Danny was angry. "What do you mean, what's going on there? \_You're \_the ones who fucking kidnapped \_me!\_" he yelled at her. The girl frowned and said, "Something wasn't right there. Michael started hearing voices." Danny froze. "What do you mean, heard voices?" he asked. "He used to hear them when he was little. Before he ever killed anyone. How did you end up living there?" she asked. Danny told her that he was part of a lifelong psychological research project, and they lived in the home rent-free so that the doctors could keep him nearby for observation. That was all Jamie needed to hear to confirm her suspicions. It was Thorn, she now had no doubt. She told Danny where they were going, and that he needed to know a few things. Then she sighed. "I am seriously getting so tired of repeating this story again and again."

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Danny was the key. She knew this. The "clinic" where he was observed would be where they would find the members of Thorn. Jamie allowed herself to become hopeful. Danny didn't seem too surprised by the situation. He told her that the worse case scenario would be that he was finally batshit crazy and was imagining it all. So, he might as well go with it, right? After all, it was either that, or this was real and he might be free of his living hell. He'd resigned himself to being in. John actually liked the kid, his whole perspective was pretty hilarious.

In a corner of her mind, Jamie was allowing herself to believe that she might break the curse, and be able to live happily ever after with her son, and maybe even Tommy. However, the cynical, no, reasonable part of her mind was telling her that the likelihood was small. As if he knew what she was feeling, Tommy reached over and



rubbed her shoulders. Jamie allowed herself to relax a little. The group was back in the Myers house, regrouping and getting ready. They were going in tonight, no matter what. At this point, it wasn't a matter of beating the clock of Michael's stability. She wanted to find out her fate. She knew that she couldn't go another day as she had. Stephen and Tommy changed that. It was life or death now, no more of this half-life.

The Myers family as well as Danny and Tommy arrived at the clinic. Simply called "Haddonfield Psychiatric Hospital," the facility housed much more. Danny knew his way around the place like the back of his hand. He'd pretty much been seen at every department during his short life. Jamie was only hoping to find information on Thorn's headquarters here. They broke in through the back doors, which led to the cafeteria. The place was silent.

They had agreed that they'd stick together, regardless of what happened. This made finding what they were looking for harder than it could have been. Finally, Jamie said to Danny, "There has to be somewhere where something seemed odd, or somewhere you haven't been." Danny shook his head, then suddenly, it hit him. "The basement!" Jamie nodded, and they headed for the stairs. There was a thick padlock on the doors to the basement. John groaned. "Great. All of this for nothing." Jamie raised an eyebrow and looked at Michael. She pointed to the lock. Michael nodded, then yanked the lock and chain off with his bare hands. John cried out, "Jesus!" and Tommy and Danny jumped back. That was unexpected. Jamie pulled open the doors, and they headed inside.

There wasn't any light switches that they could see, so they were making their way blindly. It was Tommy who noticed a door with a light shining underneath. He whispered it to the others, and they approached the door. Opening it quietly, they saw a man sleeping at a desk. The room was like a library, filled with odd books and what looked like religious artifacts. The man apparently fell asleep at his desk. Moving around him silently, Jamie froze. There sat the man she hated beyond all others. The man who had kidnapped her to use in one of Thorn's sick ceremonies. The man who had raped her on a ceremonial altar. The man who had shot her, but didn't know he had failed to kill her.

Dr. Wynn.

## 9. Chapter 9

\*\*AN: \*\*This is the second-to-last chapter. Chapter 10 will end the story. \_

Jamie couldn't move. The horror of seeing him was too much for her. But Michael knew. He knew this man, the man who had helped him and encouraged him to hurt so many. He could also see the horrid memories in Jamie's mind. Michael stalked over to the man, and before anyone had realized it, lifted him off the ground by his neck. Wynn startled and stiffened, shocked at the invasion. Without the mask, it took a moment for him to realize it was Michael who held him. Wynn smiled. "Put me down, Michael. You can't hurt me."

"He couldn't hurt you. Now, it's a completely different story." Wynn's head jerked at the sound of Jamie's voice. "YOU! You're..."

You're \_dead!" \_he cried.

> "Not exactly," Jamie told him. Lifting her hair, she showed him the rune her body was marked with.<p>

"When you created Michael, you didn't realize the curse moved through families. Now, his invulnerability is mine, too. However, I have no desire to inherit his curse either. So you're going to tell me how to stop this."

Wynn glared at the girl. "You served your purpose. You were supposed to die!" he snarled.

Michael's grip tightened at Jamie's unconscious demand. Wynn flinched in pain. Michael wasn't responding to him. Only to Jamie. That only meant one thing. It was a spell, one meant to undo a powerful but destructive spell. It wasn't strong enough to break the curse, but it could hinder it. Wynn looked at Jamie angrily and started chanting a reversal. Jamie knew immediately that he was up to something. He didn't get far before Jamie walked over, pulled Michael's hand away, and replaced it with her own. Then, without any indication of emotion, she crushed Wynn's larynx.

Wynn coughed and collapsed. He could still breathe, but barely. "Now," Jamie said to him, "you're just going to have to \_show \_us where to find the information we want. I'm not Michael. I'd rather torture you to death than let yours be over quickly."

Wynn struggled to breathe, but did nothing. He was given a full minute before Jamie started breaking his fingers. In agony, Wynn finally pointed at his desk. On it, a large book lay open. Jamie picked it up and viewed the cover. She was shocked. She held in her hand Thorn's own Book of Shadows. This was it. This would have any and every answer. Tommy and John bound and gagged Wynn so that she could read. They each sat down, waiting for an answer. Jamie scanned the book hurriedly, but thoroughly.

There was nothing on how to break the curse. Nothing at all.

Jamie howled in frustration and approached Wynn. "Where is it? Tell me!" Wynn looked up at the furious girl and grinned. "It doesn't exist, my dear girl. It doesn't exist," he said raspily, each word a struggle. Jamie walked back slowly, then collapsed. John and Danny ran to the book as Tommy went to Jamie to comfort her. This was Wynn's chance. His voice low and soft, he recited the reversal. Something snapped in Michael's mind. Wynn nodded to his desk, above which a ceremonial athame was displayed. Michael went straight for it, reaching over John and Danny to pull it down. Danny noticed him first, and said, "Hey!" Michael plunged the dagger into his chest, again and again. John jumped back, and Jamie and Tommy saw what was happening. Tommy made it to Wynn within seconds, ready to knock the bastard out if needed. Jamie recited the words she had when Michael came after her in her cabin a few days prior. With a start, Michael dropped the knife.

Danny lay on the floor, a sickening death rattle coming from his chest. Blood gushed from the wound. Jamie ran to him and said, "It's okay, Danny. You'll be fine. The curse won't let you go, even for death. Believe me, I've been there before. Many times." Behind her, Wynn laughed. Jamie turned to him angrily. "Stupid little girl," he told her. "The curse only keeps the one it's affecting alive. You are

connected to Michael telepathically. \_That's \_the reason for this. You may be a potential, but it's that connection that keeps you alive." Danny wheezed, and took a last breath. In Jamie's arms, he died.

Jamie was horrified. Not only was Danny dead, but the fact that he was able to die upset all of Jamie's notions. She knew she couldn't die, but what did this mean? Wynn could tell what Jamie was thinking. He decided to enlighten her.

"Jamie, Jamie, Jamie," Wynn said condescendingly, roughly. "You're not cursed. You never were. You're pulling on Michael's curse. The connection between you allows you to read his mind, and he yours. It also, apparently, is strong enough to grant you his invulnerability. However, that also means that you're just as susceptible to his instincts.

We never planned for you. We couldn't have forseen something like this. Originally, we thought you might serve a purpose." Wynn glanced sideways at her. "But you failed there too, didn't you?

It doesn't really matter what you do to me; the others will find you. The curse will move on to someone else. There's nothing you can do to stop it." It was hard to understand him, but Jamie managed.

Jamie was suddenly furious. "Maybe. But I can stop you!" Jamie rose to her feet picking up the dagger on the way. Before Wynn could so much as raise his hands in defense, she plunged it into his shoulder. "This is for my childhood!" she screamed. "This is for my family!" she brought the knife down again. Each thrust of the blade into his body was punctuated by Jamie's infuriated cries. "This is for raping me! This is for forcing me to give up my son! This is for shooting me IN THE HEAD!"

By this time, Wynn was laying on the floor, his body totally lifeless. The others were shocked at this outburst, as well as the violence they'd just seen.

However, they didn't have long to think. Soon, other members of Thorn moved through the basement. They weren't alone anymore.

## 10. Chapter 10

The cult moved into the room, circling Jamie and the others. Slowly, they forced them out into the main room. They were outnumbered roughly 3 to 1, so they didn't have much choice except to go where they led. When they reached their destination, Jamie was horrified. There, before her, stood the altar where Wynn had raped her years before. She had no idea if this was the same place, but she recognized the altar itself. Jamie panicked. Turning on her heel, she began to fight her way through the Thorn followers.

However, the members of Thorn weren't prepared for Jamie's newly found ability. The supernatural strength of Michael Myers. She plowed through the cultists, bringing many down with just a punch. Tommy and John followed her lead, although nowhere near as effectively. Michael wasn't able to help. His mind couldn't process being violent, as it still hadn't accepted what he had done in the past. He did, however, shove any Thorn member who came near him. A push from Michael sent a

person flying across the room, so he still managed to be more effective than John or Tommy.

By the time they were through, Michael didn't have a scratch on him. John and Tommy were bruised and bloody, but not seriously injured. It was Jamie who was perched on the chest of a Thorn, repeatedly punching him in the face. John and Tommy pulled her off of him. Somehow, the man was still alive, but just barely.

The man managed to speak. "It won't do you any good."

Jamie's eyes bored into his. "What do you mean?" she asked forcefully.

The man laughed. "There is nothing you can do. The curse cannot be broken. Not by you, not by me, not by anyone. Do you think Danny was the only potential? This is something that has existed for centuries. There are others, many of them. The next has already been called. When the time comes, they will kill, and start the cycle again.

We're not the only ones, girl. The Thorn is everywhere. It doesn't matter how many of us you kill, there will be another waiting, waiting to call forth the next chosen. There's no way to tell who that one will be, not even for us. However," he laughed again, "The chosen one does have a tendency to come from the same bloodline. It's part of the curse, you see. Part of the curse is the destruction of the family. By calling more than one killer, it increases the odds. When the family is destroyed, the curse is fulfilled, and the chosen will die."

The man's words grew more and more raspy. Jamie absorbed this information with horror, as the man gasped for breath. Finally, an eerie rattle in his chest was heard. The man choked for air a few more times, then laid down his head and was still. He was dead.

Jamie said nothing. Tommy came to her and pulled her into his arms. When her shock subsided, Jamie's head jerked back and she wailed. Tommy held her as she cried. "It's okay. Jamie, come on. Let's go home. Let it go. There's nothing more you can do. We'll get away from here, me, you, and Stephen. We'll start a new life... together."

His words hurt Jamie worse than anything she could have imagined. She'd survived so much in her life, and yet, it was this that cut her to the core. "No, Tommy. I can't. I have to leave," Jamie said.

"No. We'll go with you. We'll be fine, you'll see. We'll disappear. No one will ever find us. We'll get Michael put into some sort of jail or something where they can keep him when the spell breaks. He'll never find us. If another killer does show up, they won't either," Tommy told her.

"If you're careful enough, it can work. God knows, my mother made sure I knew every mistake she'd ever made. If there's enough distance, he can't sense you. It was only you and Michael combined that could find me," John offered.

"NO!" Jamie cried out. "You don't understand. You don't see it. The same bloodline... The mark. I could be the next one. I've already got

so many of Michael's abilities, I'm probably the one." Tommy shook his head, not wanting to accept what she was saying. Jamie cupped his face in her hands, crying. "Take him away. Get Stephen as far away as you can. Promise me this. I don't want anything to hurt him. Please don't let me hurt him," Jamie begged. Tommy cried with her, but he nodded.

Jamie turned to John. "Hide. Hide as deeply as you can. Make sure nobody knows who you are or where you're from. Forget everything you know about your past; about being a Myers." John nodded sadly. After all this... they'd gotten nowhere. They hadn't achieved a single thing. They'd failed.

"I'll take Michael. We're going to as far away as possible. I can't kill him, I can't kill myself, but I can make it harder for us to find you." She looked at Tommy again. "Please, \_please \_don't ever let us find you."

"You have to go," Jamie told them. "Please, just hurry. Get away from here," Jamie begged. John had to pull Tommy away. He forced the man out of the building. It was John who drove Tommy home. "Listen," John told Tommy, "I know you want to go back there. But we both know the truth in what she's saying. Any moment now, she'll more likely than not become the same thing Michael is. If that happens, it won't be Jamie anymore. Jamie, the Jamie you know, would want you and her boy safe. You have to do this for her." Slowly, Tommy nodded. He climbed out of the car and headed inside.

John knew he had to get home and get cleared out quickly. He knew the police would look for him if he just disappeared. It took no time at all for John to clear his life and walk away from it, yet again.

Tommy started packing Stephen up before the boy even awoke. He had the car packed up with everything it could hold. When Stephen awoke, he didn't say a word, just stared at his father. Without being asked, Tommy sat down on the couch in front of the boy. "Stephen, we're going to go away for a while. I know you're going to be upset, but we're moving. We're going to have a new life from here on out, buddy." Stephen didn't respond. "Hey, buddy, I know this is alot. But it's for the best, okay?" Still no response from the little boy. Tommy grew frustrated with what he perceived as an angry silent treatment. "Stephen?" Tommy said. "Stephen," he said more firmly when the boy still did not say anything. Finally, Tommy grabbed Stephen on the shoulders and shook him slightly. "STEPHEN!"

Tommy never saw the knife Stephen held behind his back, not until the little boy brought it up and plunged it directly into his heart. The last thing Tommy ever saw were his young son's eyes. Stephen's cold, black eyes.

\_\*\*AN: \*\*Special thanks to Spooky Fox, Orange Rain, Megumisakura, Neko, Nathan, Envious Fidelity, Niko-Chan, and Chris for their reviews! This story would not have existed without your requests.

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file.